

MEMPHIS APPEAL

VIA CRUCIS FILI LUCIS.

FROM THE WATCHMAN.
"Vixen will you sing,
Hymn unknown to Pagan Muse,
sing by those whom Jesus chooses,
Strait—not straight—but which ever
shall lead us to our home.
All the good from ill no never
did we find;—
All the skill to mortal grieve,
The heart to break, the eye even,
Drawing straighter line to heaven.
Very dark and drear it seemed,
To him who spake brightness death,
He that speaks of brightness death."

Trembling thus, I heard him say,
"Sing, vixen, sing the hymn,
Till we find, however wretched,
"And to Love and Hope attend,
"With the love of God, and the help
All the world's a-spirited, pale,
All the world's a-sighed pale,
All the world's a-sighed pale,
All the world's a-sighed pale."

"All the world's a-sighed pale,
All the world's a-sighed pale."

"Very dark and drear it seemed,
To him who spake brightness death,
He that speaks of brightness death."

Trembling thus, I heard him say,
"Sing, vixen, sing the hymn,

Help me, vixen, who hath laid me."

Through my tears while I was gazing,
Lest some one else the path was blazed.

Instant from O'er the ocean wide,
Methoughts were these—wretched, many,
Methoughts were these—wretched, many,
Methoughts were these—wretched, many.

Women weep, that fail their tear,
Such a wretched life, such a wretched life,
Such a wretched life, such a wretched life.

These words were all I could say,
Drew a shuddered gasp from under me.

Fall and my like stars stoned.

And so next, spirit climbing,
Up the long, long stairs,

Up the long, long stairs,